

A New Satyricall

B A L L A D

OF THE

Licentiousness of the Times.

To the Tune of, *The Blinde Beggar of Bednall-Green.*

I.
THe devil has left his puritanical drefs,
And now like an Hawker attends on the Prefs,
That he might through the Town Sedition difperfe,
In Pamphlets, and Ballads, in profe and in Verfe.

II.
'Tis furely fo, for if the Devil wan't in't,
There would not be fo many ftrange things in print:
Now each man writes what feems good in his Eyes,
And tells in bald Rimes his Inventions and Lies.

III.
Some relate to the World their own caufelefs fears,
Endeavouring to fet us together by the ears,
They ftrive to make Factions for two great Commanders,
Tho one be in *Holland*, the other in *Flanders*.

IV.
They bawl and they yaul aloud through the whole Town,
The rights of Succelfion and Claims to the Crown,
And fnarling and grumbling like Fools at each other,
Raife Contefts and Factions betwixt Son and Brother.

V.
Here one doth on this fide his Verfes oppofe,
Up farts another and jufts with him in profe,
On Rumor a Jade, they get up, and mount her,
And fo like *Don Quixot* with Wind-mills Encounter.

VI.
Our Sun is not fetting, it does not grow dark yet,
The King is in health ftill, and gone to *New-Market*,
Let then idle Coxcomb's leave off their debating,
What either fide fays is unmannerly prating.

VII.
Another tho he be but a fenfelefs Widgion
Will like an Arch-bifhop determine Religion:
What ere his opinion is that muft be beft,
And ftrait he Confutes, and Confounds all the reft.

VIII.
I the Coffee houfe here one with a grave face,
When after falute, he hath taken his place,
His Pipe being lighted begins for to prate,
And wifely difcourfes the affairs of the State.

IX.
Another in fury the board ftrait doth thump,
And highly extolls the bleft Times of the Rump;
The Pope and all Monarchs he fends to the Devil,
And up in their places he fets *Harry Nevill*.

X.
Another who would be diftinguifh'd from Cit,
And fwearing God dam me, to fhew him a wit,
(Who for all his huffing one grain hath not got)
Scoffs at all Religion, and the Popifh plot.

XI.
One with an uncivill fatyricall Jelt,
To be thought a wit, has a fling at the Prieft,
He jeers at his Betters, and all men of note,
From th' Alderman to the Canonical coar.

XII.
A politick Citizen in his blew gown,
As gravely in fhop he walks up, and down,
Inftead of attending the wares on his ftall,
Is all day relating th' intreagues at *White-hall*.

XIII.
And though to fpeak Truth he be but a Noddy,
He'd have you to think that he is fome-body,
With politick fhrug, ev'n as bad as a Curfe,
He crys out, Oh! the Times, no Mortal faw worfe.

XIV.
Then comes a wife Knight as the whole Citty's Faftor,
Speaks Prologue in profe, too grave for an Aftor,
And being fore frighted, in a learned fpeech,
To ftand to their Arms all the Citts doth befeech.

XV.
The Cobler in ftall, did you but hear him prate,
You'd think that he fate at the helm of the State,
His awl lay'd afide, and in right hand a pot.
He roundly rips up the Soul of the Plot.

XVI.
But it is not enough to fee what is paff,
For thefe very Men become Prophets at laft,
And with the fame eyes can fee what is meant,
To be Afted and done in the next Parliament.

XVII.
His Worfhip fo wife, who a Kingdome can Rule,
Is by none dear Wife at home made a Fool,
For though he doth fee through dark Mifts of the State,
He can't fee the Horas that fhe plants on his pate.

XVIII.
The Women too prate of the Pope and the Turk,
Who fhould play with their Tails, or elfe be at work,
But two Noble Virtues they've attain'd to, I think,
To handle State matters, and take off their drink.

XIX.
Petition the Players to come on the Stage,
There to represent the vice of the Age,
That people may fee in Stage looking-Glafles,
Fools of all forts, and thefe pollitick Affes.

XX.
And thus I have fhown you the vice of the Nation,
Which wants of thefe Things a through Reformation,
But when that will be I cannot determine,
For plenty breeds Vice, as foul Bodies breed Vermine.

XXI.
Men may prate and may write, but 'tis not their Rimes,
That can any ways change or alter the Times,
It is now grown an Epidemical Difefe,
For people to talk and to write what they pleafe.

XXII.
God blefs our Good King who our little World Rules,
And is not difturb'd at the Aftions of Fools,
It very much helps a Wife Man's Melancholly,
To fee and obferve and to Laugh at their Folly.